Come, will you hence?

EPILOGUE.

First my feare, then my curtsie, last my speech. My feare is your displeasure, my curtsy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good speech now you vndo me, for what I haue to say is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I should say) will (I doubt) proue mine owne marring: but to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an ill venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors loose, here I promise you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most debtors do) promise you infinitely: and so I kneele downe before you, but indeed to pray for the queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit me, will you commaunde me to vse my legges? and yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I: all the gentlewomen here haue forgiuen me, if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen doe not agree with the gentlewomen, which was neuer seene in such an assemblie.

One word more I beseech you, if you be not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble author will continue the storie, with sir *Iohn* in it, and make you merry with faire *Katharine* of *Fraunce*, where (for any thing I knowe) *Falstaffe* shall die of a sweate, vnlesse already a be killd with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I will bid you good night.

FINIS.